

## **Freeway & Jake One f/ Bun B**

### **"Sho' Nuff"**

Visit ["Sho' Nuff"](#) on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

[Verse 1 - Freeway] Uh, who's bad? I'm bad (that's right) I am Michael Jackson, Puff Daddy "Bad" Boy, I will strike you with the belt like your dad (that's right) I will +Rock Your Bells+, I am LL +Bad+ (Rock Your Bells!) I am hard as hell Got the semi on blast, call you on speed dial You can't confine me to a cell I injure competition, make the niggaz do the math They always wind up losin, 'cause I hardly take a L Take a smell (smell), sniff I'm the shit like feces, the GT too quick (ain't that right) You need 200 G's to move this (that's right) I do this, I breeze past the DT's, so swiftly (swiftly) Y'all dudes iffy, I'm him, men gotta send other men to get me And the men that they send, get hit up I dump the Calico and let off fifty in a jiffy [Chorus 1 - Freeway] (Bun B) Is ya gonna ride? (Sho' nuff) If them niggaz try ya, pull a homicide (sho' nuff) Empty fifty bullets right in they behind (sho' nuff) I'm the meanest, toughest, mofo low down around this town Ain't ya gonna move? (Sho' nuff) If them niggaz try ya, will ya show and prove? (Sho' nuff) Run up on them, empty fifty from the tool (sho' nuff) I'm the meanest, toughest, mofo low down around this town [Verse 2 - Bun B] It's Bun Beeder, the heater cocked, show me the spot I need a knot, whether the bread is for me or not Leave the block, if I see the guap, I'm on the case You got the base, I put the glock up to your face Taste Bun metal, the color of gun metal When the gun settle, you perish and then Big Bun pedal Petty drugs, naw, hit 'em with the raw Head-tie, kill 'em with the no, then we fin' to go (to go) Split the shit, split the dough, then we hit the do' Then we hit the blocks with the rocks, let these niggaz know (what?) Then we fin' to sew up the corners with the blow If you ain't down, then we hit you with the clip fo' sure (ho) Let the trigger go, then the nigga go down Talkin about this yo' town, motherfucker slow down (whoa) Be easy pimpin, you too squirrely Me and Philly Freezy shut it down, early [Chorus 2 - Bun B] Ain't ya gonna move? (Sho' nuff) If them niggaz try ya, will ya show and prove? (Sho' nuff) Run up on 'em, empty fifty out the tool (sho' nuff) I'm the meanest, toughest, mofo low down around this town Ain't ya

gonna move? (Sho' nuff) If them niggaz try ya, will  
show and prove? (Sho' nuff) Run up on 'em, empty fifty  
out the tool (sho' nuff) I'm the meanest, toughest, mofo  
low down around this town [Verse 3 - Freeway] Nigga  
wanna war with me, I take 'em on live I blast the 4-5,  
you have to pick 'em on up (on up) He get mangled, I'm  
bilingual Abdul Hadi taught me Arabic, I took him on  
Hajj (on Hajj) Shaquan, Jazakumullah Hukhair In the city  
we residin they warin like the Al-Qaeda We're never  
warin, performin like Leonidas Y'all dudes lazy, you  
bust a grub and get niggaitis Put the burner to your  
gums like gingivitis Floss with bullets, I'll pull it, crack  
your eye wear Hell if I care, I handle business, leave  
you right here Niggaz can't afford the lenses I wear  
Look at my pair, they are Aviators, y'all are player  
haters You can never fly or get a seat in my Lear, you  
need a high chair You can try the one but it will get you  
done You can go and get your duns, nigga it will get  
them aired, yeah [Chorus 1]

Visit [Freeway & Jake One f/ Bun B](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

---

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.